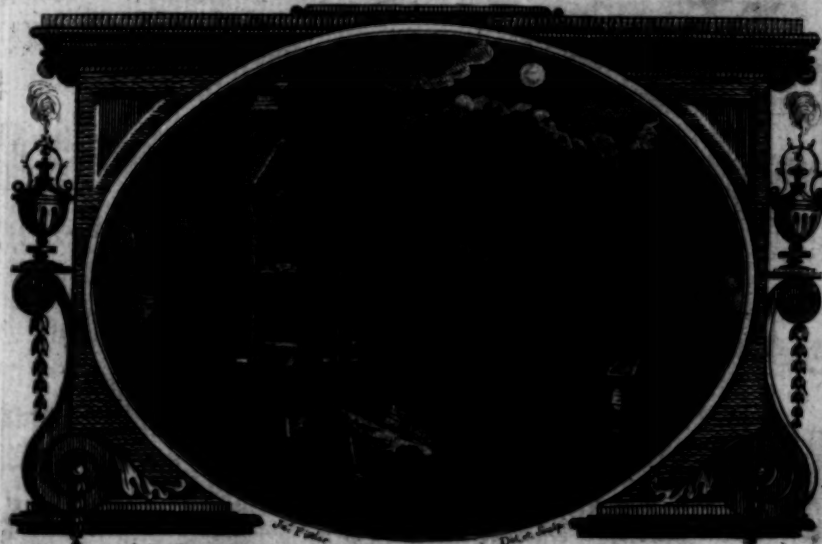


1490. ee. 3.

E L E G I A C
V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF A
MARRIED LADY.

WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.



— Bleft hallow'd spot ! there early sweets shall grow,
And the first breezes of the morning blow !

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR ; and Sold by J. WILKIE, No. 71, St. Paul's
Church-Yard, MDCCLXXVIII.

Verses

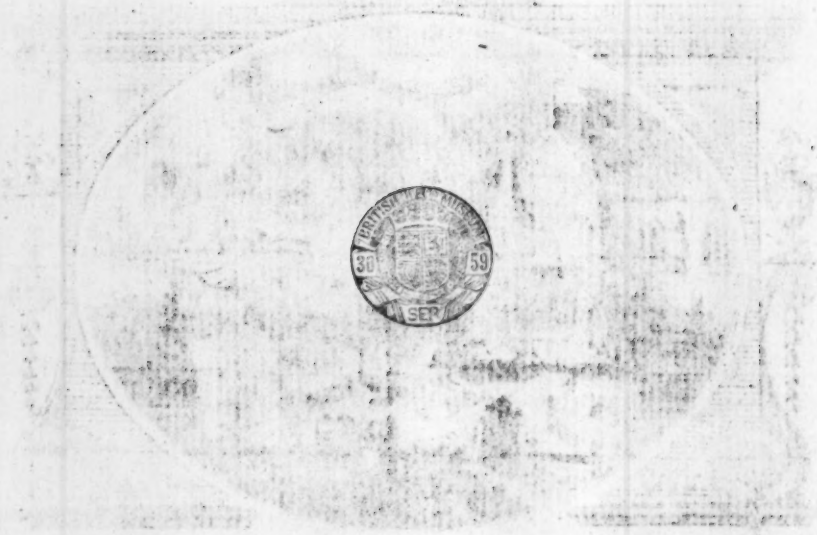
6

F I E C I A
W E R S S

TO THE MEMORY OF A

M A R R I E D L A D Y

WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS



PRINTED BY J. WALKER, No. 21, Strand, London.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author; and Sold by J. Walker, No. 21, Strand, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Few copies of this Elegy were some time since dispersed among the Author's friends, at whose request some alterations and additions were made. The compliments he received from those, perhaps too partial, induces him to publish it. As an apology for troubling the world with so trivial an attempt, it may be necessary to observe, this little Production was first written with an intention to retard the progress.

B

iv A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

gress of an unhappy animosity between two families,
long on terms of intimate friendship: as principles of
a pacific disposition, impelled him to the step, he
hopes his laudable endeavours may be permitted to
plead for the imperfections of the Poem.

ELEGIAC



E L E G I A C

V E R S E S.



AIR breaks the morn in yonder eastern skies,

And bright'ning hills in pleasing prospect rise ;

Yet who can say---serene the day will end,

The sun unclouded to his deep descend ?

Such

8 E L E G I A C

---Such, dear departed Julia, was thy dawn,

But glooms o'ercaft the eve my hopes had drawn !

Low doft thou flumber in thy earthy bed,

And youthful beauty mingles with the dead ;

Lamenting kindred weep befide thy urn,

And friends as griev'd, the friend's departure mourn,

In piteous cadence heart-felt complaints beftow,

Beyond the pictur'd force of fancied woe ;

Breathe to thy fhade a figh, and o'er thy bier,

Shed the fond tribute of a grateful tear !

Mine too accept !---ftill fresh my sorrows rife,

Flow the sad drops, and burft the ftifled fighs :

I fee

VERSE S.

9

I see thee, struggling in the pangs of death!

Strive to resign the last dear gasp of breath;

I see, and at each pause thy nature makes,

A throb severe as thine my feeling wakes!

Ah! Fate has hurried to her bleak domain

A treasure these wild griefs can ne'er regain;

Clos'd are those lovely eyes whose light's reveal'd

An heart of truth, by ev'ry virtue seal'd;

Mute are the lips whence sweetest music stole,

That won to extacy the list'ning soul.

Yield ev'ry passion! yield to mighty woe,

And short, short respites from the sorrow know;

C

O'er

O'er all my hours of joy let anguish break,
And bid affliction to her labour wake :
However weak the task, O be it kept,
The friend remember'd, and the loss still wept ;
And still shall fancy paint, with awful gloom,
The sable train flow moving to her tomb.

Blest hallow'd spot ! there early sweets shall grow,
And the first breezes of the morning blow ;
The little robin nigh the grave shall tread,
And print the turf upon her bosom spread ;
The peasant, passing onward, inly grieve,
And ev'ry feeling breast in pity heave.

There

There too while moon beams silver o'er the plain,
 And slumbers bless the weary village swain,
 While down the mountain hoar the river flows
 Tranquil, as tho' it journey'd to repose,
 Shall to the place, thro' the cold midnight air,
 The mourner oft in forrowing love repair,
 And binding on the earth that wraps her frame,
 Wake the lone echoes with her gentle name;
 A name which every mortal grace endears,
 And ev'ry tender sentiment reveres.

What scenes are these, that bid the soul admire!
 Bright vales, where spirits of the good retire;

Where

Where joy and friendship hold their golden reign,
And due reward awaits the happy train,
There, Julia! shall thy suff'rings find repose,
Crown'd by the wishes whence each hope arose.
My raptur'd sense expands a track of skies,
And shews thee borne a Seraph's radiant prize,
Enthron'd in mansions of eternal rest,
By martyrs honour'd, and by saints carefs'd.
Along the azure bound is heard the lyre,
And holy cherubs join the solemn choir.
O beauteous angel! much lamented faint!
What strain of eloquence such worth can paint?

A mind

A mind conceal'd by no disguise of art,
And knew no wish but what she might impart.
A bright example of untainted life,
A tender daughter, and a virtuous wife;
An husband's hope, a parent's joy and pride,
A brother's pleasure, and a sister's guide;
That sister still in grief consumes the day,
And fruitless sorrow wastes the night away;
Pensive she hangs her melancholy head,
Bow'd like a rose by morning-dews o'erspread!
O let sweet dreams restore her mind to rest,
And spread thy wings of comfort on her breast:

---Fain wou'd my lips remove the weighty care,
That bows to earth the sweet lamenting fair;
Bursts from an aching heart confound the strain,
And sounds of gladness more severely pain.

Ye roving minds! where passion still presides,
Where reason's banish'd and where folly guides;
Thro' various scenes in search of bliss you stray,
And change your object each returning day;
Pleasure and happiness ye all pursue,
And search in ev'ry winding but the true.
O make your conduct her, these lays deplore,
And keep the course her virtue trod before!

Ere

V E R S E S.

15

Ere yet I close, blest spirit !---fare thee well ;
Remembrance on thy image still shall dwell,
The pleasing scenes I'll frequently review,
Which once were spent with innocence and you ;
Pleasing indeed !---but blended still with pain,
The cruel thought !---they'll ne'er return again !

F I N I S.

V E R S E S . 1 2

But yet I close, O! spirit!—fare thee well;

Remembrance on thy image still shall dwell;

The pleasing scenes I'll frequently review,

Which once were spent with innocence and you;

Pleasant indeed!—but check'd still with pain,

The cruel thought!—I'll never return again!



P I N . 1 2